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**PUBLISHED BY THE
Philomathian and Eukosmian
Literary Societies**

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

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The Collegian

1911-12

Commencement Number



PUBLISHED BY THE
Philomathian and Eukosmian
Literary Societies

Presbyterian College of South Carolina
CLINTON, S. C.

Advertiser Printing Co., Laurens, S. C.

THOMAS CLANTON BROWN, A. B.
OLD POINT, S. C.

"Agree if you can,
If not, dispute it like a man.

T. C. stands well with the faculty, whom he has the knack of fooling. His passing on "Trig" was a miracle. He has a good voice and is somewhat of a speaker. Sometimes he thinks deep, at other times, otherwise. He will make a good lawyer and we hope a good man.

Entered college in '08; member of the Philomathian Literary society; president 3rd term '10-'11; vice-president 1st term '11-'12. Local editor of Collegian last year; business manager this year; won Greek medal in his Soph year; represented his society in the debate in February and helped win the cup.



ELISE SPENCER, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns, and
sweet as English air could make her."

"Lise" has never allowed work to interfere with things not in the curriculum. Since entering college she has specialized in having a good time, and incidentally in Latin and Chemistry. Rumor has it that after June she will teach; but who or where or what—deponent sayeth not.

Entered college in '06; historian of class in Fresh and Soph years; prophet of Senior class.



JOHN MAY FEWELL, A. B.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should be blunted."

His sunny nature and winning smile are marred only by an annoying tendency to display oratorical inability and a fondness for three distinct jokes. If John gives as much attention to his patients in the future as he does to a certain young lady in town, he will be very successful. He will amount to something in the world, if character and brain are appreciated.

Entered college in '08; president of Soph class; secretary this year; member Eukosmian Literary society; vice-president '10-'11; manager ball team '09-'10; president 3rd term '10-'11; president Y. M. C. A. this year; vice-president '10-'11; manager ball team '11-'12; manager tennis association '10-'11; entered declaimers' contest two years; helped win the cup for his society in the annual debate last year.



WILLIAM SADLER FEWELL, A. B.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

"When I am dull with care and melancholy, he lightens my humor with merry jests."

Yes, his brightness is only exceeded by his good looks. Proof—just ask his many friends who know. One dose of Will, taken once a day, is guaranteed to cure the worst case of the blues. If he has not learned very much in his four years of study he, at least, has acquired the ability to make strangers think he knows it all.

Will entered college with his twin brother in '08; president of class in '10-'11; member of Eukosmian Literary society; president 2nd term '11-'12; critic 1st term '11-'12; entered declaimers' contest in '08-'09 and '09-'10; represented his society in the debate with Furman in 1912; won Freshman medal; local editor of Collegian this year.





ELLIS ADAMS FULLER, A. B.
CROSS HILL, S. C.

"This one will be heard from."

Fuller, commonly known as "Big Ellis" is an all-round man. He is a good athlete, a successful student, he stands well with the students, faculty and fair sex. His chief virtues are he loves a good time and can pick the fair ones. He is so busy that he never stops to tell people how busy he really is.

Entered college in '08; member of Eukosmian Literary Society; president 3rd term '10-'11; secretary 2nd term '10-'11; represented the college in the Interstate Oratorical contest in his Junior and Senior years; entered declaimers' contest 2 years; won Science medal in Junior year; literary editor of Collegian in 1912; Y. M. C. A. editor in 1911; won great fame on base ball team for four years; captain ball team '10-'11; manager of glee club in '11-'12.

MARJORIE SPENCER, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"I like your silence, it the more shows off your wonder."

From the very first, Marjorie has proved to be a good all-round student, but be careful around her and do not mention Physics! Her pleasant manners and willingness to oblige have endeared her to all her friends.

Entered the Junior preparatory class in '06; secretary of Soph class.





FRANK COLEMAN YOUNG, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"A Stone is silent and offendeth not."

To look at Frank, you would not think him the same boy that he was when he entered the Junior Prep class. His life has changed and we now see him versed in all the walks of life. Since entering college he has done some tall stepping to stay with us. But he stayed and we are glad of it and most heartily do we wish him well as he leaves us.

Entered college in '06; vice-president of class in his Senior year; member of Eukosmian Literary society.



ELIZA AIKEN NEVILLE, A. B.
CLINTON, S. C.

"I'm no' the thing I should be,
Nor am I yet the thing I could be."

She has been devoted to outdoor life and is famed as a tireless walker. She has had 6 happy years in college and may the rest of her days be true to the precedent of those years. She studied Latin 4 years; cum magna difficultate.

Entered college in '06; vice-president Soph class; historian of Senior class.

GRANTLAND GRAHAM, A. B.
ESTILL, S. C.

"All the great men are dying and I don't feel well myself."

He delights in metaphysical ramifications, in transcendentalistic raptures, in ethereal figures of imagination. The fates were with him, however, so he came to P. C. to displace the dust in his brain with Latin. He is conscientious and hard-working and if he continues, his path will lead him to fame and honor.

Entered college in '08; member of Philomathian Literary society.



JOHN MILLS LEMMON, A. B.
WINNSBORO, S. C.

"A purpose ever before his eyes."

Lemmon was reared on the farm and is good natured, slow, modest and self-respecting. He suffers under the disadvantage of not appreciating a joke, but his invariable good nature comes to the rescue. "He's not been a-waisting his time at P. C." We will never be other than proud of this member of our class.

Entered college in '07; president Freshman class; secretary Junior class; member Philomathian Literary society; president 1st term '11-'12; treasurer in '10-'11; president Y. M. C. A. '10-'11; president student body this year. Literary editor of Collegian; represented his society in the annual debate and helped win the cup.

HARRY KUTEMAN SLIGH (Special)
SENECA, S. C.

"He only speaks when spoken to."

Harry's career at P. C. has been intermittent, but we are proud to have him with us at the end. He loves math, because he says absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Entered college in '07; member of Philomathian Literary society.



The Collegian

Vol. X

Clinton, S. C., May 1912

No. 4

Literary Department

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G. A. NICKLES and E. A. FULLER, Editors
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Senior Class History

The history of our class, unlike Gaul, is divided into four parts, each part being a discourse on one of the years that we have served here. Four of our members can boast of having entered the Junior Prep Class and two of having entered the Senior Prep.

There were 22 of us who entered P. C. as Freshmen in 1908. No, really we have not always been Seniors, as so many think!! Our first year was spent in rubbing off our greenness and in preparing ourselves for the work that was to follow. We all got through and there were 14 to return in 1909.

Having become accustomed to the ways of the college we could look with joy and not dread to the "Rat Reception." During this year we were represented in base ball and in the college glee club and orchestra.

Our class has been decreasing and there were only 13 of us to return in 1910. In April 1911 our hearts were saddened by the sudden death of one of our former class mates, T. Cleveland Thompson. We still respect his memory and mourn his loss. After the commencement exercises, we returned to our homes wondering if this really was our last vacation.

This, our last year has been a successful one from many standpoints. Only our class can know our trials and tribulations, which have been many; but our pleasures have counter-

acted all our troubles and it is with sorrow that we leave our college and are separated from those with whom we have been associated. During the 4 years at P. C. we have given our time, energies and talents to the advancement and good of our college. And now as we are about to bid it farewell forever, we can make our lives such that our Alma Mater will never be ashamed to acknowledge us as her's.

Historian.



In 1920

Ever since I graduated in 1912, I have been teaching school—I have read Caesar till I no longer have to prepare each lesson with a “teacher’s edition”. As everybody knows, there is nothing either interesting or exciting in the life of an old maid school teacher—the same things happen every day, only they are “more so” some days. Anyhow this is not going to be a history of my life—I’m just going to tell you the only exciting thing that has happened in eight long years.

It was about a week ago, and I had had an unusually hard day. I was completely worn out and decided to take the short cut through the fields home. That morning I had gotten an invitation to the wedding of Will Fewell, one of my classmates, and a girl well known in Clinton society. This had turned my thoughts backwards and I wondered what had become of the other boys.

Of course I had kept up with the girls. Liza had taught with me the first year and had been married the following summer. She had married a farmer, but I have never been able to imagine Liza cooking dinner for all the hands, and then exactly on the stroke of twelve, ringing the big farm bell for them to come in.

Marjorie had been a stenographer for two years and then had married her employer, who had made love to her by dictation.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, and

I was wondering what had become of the boys, I was roused from my reverie by a queer noise. I turned just in time to see an aeroplane sink gracefully to the ground and a tall man step out. He looked a little familiar, but I could not place him until he spoke—"Hello, Lise", he said. "Come for a fly!" That settled it—it couldn't be anybody but Dan!

I gladly accepted his invitation and away we sailed. How glad I was it was Dan! Here was my chance to learn all that had happened since 1912, for I knew that unless Dan had changed inconceivably, he could tell me all I wanted to know.

Before I could speak he said, "Have you heard the news? Will is to be married!" "Yes," I replied, "I had an invitation. But tell me about yourself and the rest of the boys. Of course I know all about Liza and Marjorie, but you're the first boy I've seen or heard of since June 1912."

Dan drew a long breath and I settled myself for a spiel. "Since I lost my love for girls, I have invented several aeroplanes. This one is the most successful; it is modeled not like a bird but like a Merry Widow hat. I have just established a factory, and expect to be rich soon."

"You remember how Will and Paul used to talk about their prep school? Well, they really have one and are doing now. At first they could not agree as to who should be president. Finally, Will gave in, on condition that they put in a course in Oratory and let him have the chair. The course has not been very popular, as Will insists that every man shall learn his speech on the "Initiative and Referendum" the first thing.

Ever since he graduated, Paul has been making a special study of astronomy, in eight volumes, and it is thought that Prof. Graham will use it in the Senior Class as soon as it is finished.

John is a very successful doctor, due largely to the efforts of his wife. The Rock Hill people have never gotten entirely over the influence of John's imposing manner when he took the P. C. ball team there to the contest, so they have organized

a team for him to manage every summer.

“Red and Ellis, though Ellis is still a Baptist, did slum work together for two years, after leaving the seminary. Now they have charge of the two leading churches in X—, and the denominations no longer clash.

“Goat has a large country place near Clinton and is happily married. He has several autos and his fine horses are famous all over the South. How did he become so rich? Why, he discovered a new way to plant cotton and made his fortune. I’m trying to sell him an aeroplane now.

“Grandpa is a railroad man. He began at the bottom as a fireman and has gradually climbed up till he is now president of the Glenn Springs’ Railroad.

“T. C. was Business Manager of the State (he got his experience on the Collegian) till he persuaded the Editor to public his speech on “Compulsory Education,” then he studied law. He is now the leading lawyer in Philadelphia, due to his arts of exaggeration and arguing.”

By this time we had gotten home again and it was late. I climbed out of the machine to settle down again to my humdrum life, and as Dan sailed away, he shouted, “Don’t you want to buy an aeroplane?”

Prophet ’12.



The Actor’s Art

Mr. Gray, manager of the Crescent Theatre, entered the theatre one night accompanied by an old woman. When he reached the door, he turned to one of the ushers and said.

“Give this old lady a seat if there is any vacant.”

The usher took the old lady by the arm and conducted her to a vacant seat on Row F. He noticed that the old lady was very pale and seemed almost too weak to walk, but he supposed that her weakness was caused by old age and did not think any more about her. He thought, by the way the old lady acted, that it was the first time that she was ever in a

theatre, and besides he heard her tell Mr. Gray so. He walked to the rear of the theatre and commenced to talk with one of the ushers.

"There is an old lady in row F who I think has never been to a theatre before," he said to his friend.

"What makes you think so, Roberts?"

"I heard her tell Mr. Gray so. He asked me to give her a vacant seat."

"Oh! I think that must be the one who came near fainting in front of the theatre as she was looking at the billboard. Look! She seems to be about to faint again."

Roberts ran forward and caught the old lady as she was about to fall. With the assistance of another usher he carried her back into the lobby.

"I will go for the doctor," said Roberts.

"Please don't," she heartily said. "I want to go back and see more of the play. I will soon be all right. Can't I go back now? I must see more of the play."

Just then Mr. Gray came in and asked what the trouble was. Roberts explained what had happened.

"I am about all right now. I must see him again, and then I may understand."

"See whom?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I don't know what his name is, but he is the young man that has quarrelled with the girl he loves. You know I never saw a play before. Can't I go back now?"

She was then conducted back to her seat where she talked it over with Mr. Gray.

When the curtain fell after the first act, the old lady ran to the rear of the building and rushing up to Mr. Gray began to talk to him in a very excited manner.

"Can't I speak to him? No two men can look so alike and yet Walter had no brothers. And he is no older than he was years ago, when we were parted."

"I don't understand you. Come into my office and explain."

"But I want to see all of the play. How long before

it will start again?"

"In a few minutes; and if you wish to speak to one of the actors I may be able to arrange it for you."

"It's the young man dressed in black. What's his name?"

"Walter Stone. Let's go back to our seats; the curtain is rising."

"But that's his name; but it can't be he. It must be his son."

One of the ushers, standing in the rear of the building, asked Mr. Gray who she was and how she happened to come to the theatre.

"I don't know who she is," Mr. Gray replied. "Soon after the matinee I saw her tottering outside and brought her in here. I asked her if she wanted to see the play, and I told Roberts to give her a seat. She said she had never been in a theatre before."

At the end of the act Roberts went down to talk with the old lady.

"Does the theatre make old people appear young? Do I look like an old woman?" she asked.

"Yes, you do," he replied.

"Does the man in the black suit appear young to you?"

"Yes, he appears so."

"I must be dreaming! It can't be his son, because this man is lame just as Walter was. I can't understand."

Roberts went to the rear of the building and sent Mr. Gray down. Mr. Gray in the meantime had arranged for her to see the actor after the play.

"Mr. Stone, I suppose must be an old friend of yours."

"Oh no! He can't possibly be. Compare us two. He seems to be no older than when we were engaged. But it can't be he. This place is bewitched! I always thought that the theatre was Satan's invention; now I know it is!"

Gray remembered hearing that Stone had had a love affair in his youth which ended very unhappily and the memory of which had kept him single. He began to think that this old lady might be his former sweet-heart. The old lady wanted

to leave the building, but by some persuasion he induced her to stay until the play was over. Soon it was over, and Gray conducted her to the rear of the stage.

"If this young man is Walter's son, he will not want to see me."

"Come on," he replied; "We shall soon see."

Gray asked her what name he should call her by, and she told him it was Miss Kapher. He found Stone talking with some of his friends.

"Stone," said Gray, "Here is a lady who thinks she knows your father. Miss Kapher, this is Mr. Stone."

"Kapher! Not Ruth Kapher!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, my name is Ruth Kapher. I suppose your father spoke of me to you," she replied.

"Ruth! Don't you know me? Walter Stone."

"Can it be possible," she exclaimed as Stone caught her in his arms.

"Possibly the actor's art has deceived you. Wait one minute and you will understand. Watch me."

As they talked over "old times" the young Stone by the help of some soap and water faded into the old Stone. Wrinkles became visible in his face, and then he snatched off his wig, revealling the old Walter Stone.

So this is how Ruth Kapher, after waiting fifty-six years before she went into a theatre, married the leading actor within one month after she had entered it.

J. S. G. '13.



Compulsory Education Considered Historically and Theoretically

Compulsory education should be. From very early times it has existed, but the education was not complete and whole. A complete education, and one of which we should feel proud, is that which develops mankind morally, spiritually, mentally, aesthetically, practically, and physically. Now at first

glance this may seem, to use Milton's words, "to require sinews almost equal to those which Homer gave Ulysses," but upon careful thought you will agree that a complete education is not really unattainable; and this is the kind of education which we should strive to make compulsory.

Persia and Sparta, of the Oriental nations, required compulsory attendance and made their youths, whether or not it seemed good to them, train their bodies, so that they became remarkable for their strength, hardness, and endurance. Now both these countries aimed at a country full of soldiers, and in so aiming they made each and every individual subject to do whatever they deemed wise and necessary.

The Jews, however improbable it may seem, did have a compulsory education. They did not let a favorable opportunity slip by without impressing upon their youths moral and spiritual excellences; and this idea of obligatory education was current among all that people.

Philip Melanchthon, "Preceptor Germaniae," as he has been very fittingly and appropriately cognomened, was a very ardent supporter, a very profound thinker, and a most remarkable enthusiast as regards obligatory education. This great and good man did his best, indeed his utmost, to have each and every child, whom he loved with a fatherly affection, educated, trained and cultured. He thought—and he was right—that compulsory education would be the best means as well as the easiest means of giving spiritual, moral, and intellectual nourishment to men's souls; and we cannot but agree with him in thinking that compulsory education will strengthen us, ennoble us, and make us more progressive. Surely, were we to have compulsory education, there would be less inclination to wicked and shameful deeds; there would be less vice; there would be, as it were, a newer, grander and higher plane of thought. If all our people were educated, our government would have more trained men to select from and therefore more men to guide her rudder. If we had all our people cultured, there would be more stimulus to learning, there would be more inventions, there would be more discov-

eries and there would be more advancement. Indeed, compulsory education would make us a more intellectual society, more capable to confront the battles of life.

La Salle, one of our most noted educators, favored a gratuitous school for the poor; and if parents were unwilling to take advantage of this opportunity of instruction for their children, the rectors would give them no more assistance, hence parents were forced to make their children attend the schools.

He did not think that this would be any encroachment at all on the right and liberty of parents and what a grand thing it would be for all humanity! If we are careful thinkers, we must agree with La Salle, as he is surely right and there is not much ground upon which to question him.

Lepelletier, who wrote a great deal on education, regarded obligatory education favorably. According to his system, each and every girl from five to eleven as well as each and every boy from five to twelve, was to be taken from the parents, placed in barracks, educated, and supported by the State. The boys and the girls were to receive the same education, and if parents objected to sending their offspring to school, they were to be wrested from them, if need be, by cruel force and placed in his curious boarding schools. He made perfect equality between the boys and the girls, and they were treated exactly alike.

Martin Luther, the greatest of Protestant leaders, did not conceal his views on compulsory education. He expressly stated that he who is in power has the undoubted right of providing schools and requiring parents to send their children thither. Just a little quotation, if you please, from his sermon on the Duty of Sending Children to School. "I maintain that the civil authorities are under obligation to compel the people to send their children to school, especially such as are promising. For our rulers are certainly bound to maintain the spiritual and secular offices and callings, so that there may always be preachers, jurists, pastors, scribes, physicians, schoolmasters, and the like; for these cannot be dis-

pensed with. If the government can compel such citizens as are fit for military service to bear spear and rifle, to mount ramparts and perform other martial duties in time of war, how much more has it a right to compel the people to send their children to school, because in this case we are warring with the devil, whose object it is secretly to exhaust our cities and principalities of their strong men, to destroy the kernel and leave a shell of ignorant and helpless people, whom he can sport and juggle with at pleasure. This is starving out a city, destroying it without a struggle, and without its knowledge."

Most of public sentiment, nowadays, heartily agrees with Luther on compulsory education, yet it seems strange that there is such a number who hold the opposite view. Any one with a spark of sympathy, or feeling in his bosom cannot help being touched by the wretched condition of the factory children. If each and every little child were required by the government to attend school, how much would the little creatures be helped, benefitted and blessed! Some one will doubtless raise the cry, "How are poor, disabled widows to be supported if their children be unmercifully snatched from their side and made to attend school?" To such a cry let me say that there is, and always will be, a way provided. Society at large is not so cruel and heartless as to let a poor wretched widow suffer; there is always some one who graciously gives assistance, who loves to do good to the poor. Granting that this is not true, there are many poor-houses scattered the country over, and to these such parents should go. Parents owe as much as this to their children; they should be consoled in that their offspring are being raised to a higher and nobler plane. Parents should not be so foolish as to let pride prevent them from taking refuge in poor asylums, when nature demands that their children receive a happy and glorious development. Luther did much to mould popular thought concerning compulsory education and his influence continues even to the present day. With his vigorous intellect he has given education such a stimulus as to set active brains to deep

thought and meditation. It is he who has done so much for reforming religion; it is he who knew how to give the poor child a chance.

Diderot, who labored so unwearily to prepare youth by a better education for a better future, is given the credit of advocating compulsory education as a means of improving society. He regarded the individual, and wanted all to think, to choose, to follow and to do good things. Diderot said that education would show man within what limits progress is needed; furthermore it would show him how to protect himself, and how to employ his time usefully, so as to avoid that thing which is so dangerous to all flesh and blood—idleness. Diderot is right. In a well educated society, the people would be more efficient to perform their respective tasks and duties; they would be more competent to manage businesses and enterprises. Compulsory education would give all a chance; we should love it for its fairness; and it would be as a fertilizer to the soil of civilization.

In the eighteenth century, we find sovereigns devoting their attention to popular education, and as early as 1717, Frederick William I of Prussia published an edict of compulsory education.

Consider Germany. She has compulsory education, and think you how enlightened and cultured her people are. The Germans have the reputation of being the deepest scholars, the profoundest thinkers of modern times, and this reputation seems to be traceable only to compulsory education. In Germany the general supervision of educational affairs is entrusted to a Minister of Public Institutions and this minister is aided by school boards in the several provinces, regencies, and districts of the state. Everything is exclusively under the control of the government—text books, courses of study, selection of teachers, everything. Germany has her school houses bountifully supplied with the apparatus requisite to instruction and sees that each and every scholar is not neglected. If compulsory education be undesirable, it seems as if Germany, who has carefully tried and tested it, would reject

it; yet, as she continues to cling to it, it seems to be conclusive that compulsory education is good and sound.

France and England control education and they see to it that each child receives a very moderate education. If we would not be lower than our sister countries in the scale of civilization, we shall have to arouse our youths to energetic activity in intellectual lines and provide means for development.

Whether it seems startling or not, thirty-nine states and territories of this United States have adopted a compulsory attendance; and as the sentiment in favor of compulsory education is generally dominant, just a little more lapse of time will witness a compulsory education in each state and territory of this, our Union. Surely the state has the right of compelling its boys and girls to attend school. Ignorance is an evil, and it is therefore the state's business to remove this evil in so far as it can by establishing good and comfortable school houses and compelling the attendance of each and every child. Compulsory education has produced beneficial results in both Europe and this country, and this fact alone, it seems, is enough to make each and every one give it his sanction and most hearty support. Let us not take the pessimist's view of compulsory education in saying that the difficulties of carrying it out are insuperable; let us rather take the optimist's view of it in saying that it is good, sound and beneficial; and let us give a part of each day's serious meditation to the problem as to how we can effect its adoption.

A. R. R. '13.



"A Trip to Mars"

It was a warm Tuesday afternoon in early June. The Professor and I were sitting alone in his study. I remember now that I was getting quite drowsy when the Professor aroused me by this statement: "Let's take a little ride in my new airship. I don't believe you have ever seen it even;

have you?"

"No," I replied, "But I would like much to take a ride with you." "Well, hustle yourself into some heavy clothes," said the Professor. "We will leave in half an hour."

Before the half-hour had expired, I was ready and the Professor had showed me to a seat in a very cumbersome looking airship, with an air-tight apartment constructed mostly of glass for us.

"Professor," said I, "what kind of machine is this?"

"It is one which I designed myself and which I hope to break the world's altitude record with," he replied. "We can't start for ten minutes yet, as we haven't quite enough compressed air aboard."

"What is the compressed air for?" I asked.

"You will see later," was his only reply.

After a short wait, the Professor took his seat beside me and started the motor. We arose into the air by big circles, then started almost straight upward. Soon it was bitter cold and my nose began to bleed. "You see we need the air now," the Professor said as he closed our apartment and turned on the "air". After doing this he pulled several levers and the engines began to exhaust steadily and with great rapidity, somewhat like the purr of a cat, only faster. It seemed to me that we were falling through space only going upward instead of downward, we were going so fast. We had gone this way for what seemed to be hours before I gained courage enough to look back at the earth. Imagine my utter astonishment, when I looked downward to see that the earth, instead of looking as I had left it, had been transformed into a globe which seemed to be several miles in diameter with a great heap of snow and ice at each end and with a large body of water between them. On each side of this water was a strip of land, and about a third between the two was a long island. I knew by this that the body of water must be the Pacific Ocean, the land on one side parts of the Americas, on the other side parts of Asia and Africa and the island, Australia. Around the earth and around us were many other globes of

various sizes and directly in front of us was a globe which looked a good deal smaller than the earth and which seemed to be made up mostly of land with huge masses of snow and ice at the ends like the earth. It also seemed that the land was cut into squares by many lines.

"Professor," said I, "what is that directly in front of us which looks so much like a checker board, only being round instead of square?"

"Why," he returned, "that is Mars; those lines are the famous canals of Mars which are supposed to furnish the inhabitants with water."

I watched Mars for a good bit before I turned to look at the earth again. When I did, I found it had not only decreased wonderfully in size, but also that it had turned so that there was a rough triangle of land extending from one heap of ice almost to the other. This I knew must be Europe, Asia, and Africa. I also found that the other globes were getting more numerous.

For a long time I watched the earth. It gradually grew smaller and continued to turn very slowly. The next time I looked at Mars, that globe seemed to be several times as large as the earth and objects upon her surface had become more distinguishable. What had seemed to be lines before, proved themselves to be water, and also the land, which from a distance seemed to be waste, upon a closer view proved to be cultivated fields. I turned once more to look at the earth, but found that it could not be distinguished from the thousands of other globes which we were leaving behind.

Since the earth had become invisible, I now turned my whole attention upon Mars and was surprised to find that it was losing its globular form and was beginning to look flat. I also noticed great bright spots scattered all about over the surface next to us, which reflected the sunlight like so many cracked mirrors. I decided that these must be buildings of some kind.

The Professor now said, "I think we are near enough to Mars to find out what her atmosphere is like." So saying he

slackened the mad pace at which we were flying and again opened the hood to our apartment. The air was very cool and invigorating at that height. Suddenly I saw something which looked like a huge broad-backed bird arise from one of those bright spots and go to another. I decided that this must be the means of travel used by the inhabitants.

We had sailed downward a good bit when the Professor suggested that we look about a little before we landed. I agreed to this readily, as I was anxious to see all of Mars that it was possible for me to see. We flew over many of the mirror-like spots and found them to be cities, the houses of which seemed to be constructed of some highly polished material that reflected the sunlight and gave them the appearance of mirrors at a distance. The inhabitants seemed to be very tall and slender, but we could not tell much about them, as we were several hundred feet in the air. We also got a close view of several of the huge bird-like things which we had seen from above. These proved to be airships, not at all like the one we were in, or even any I had ever seen on the earth. They were built on the same principles as our sailing birds.

After sailing along this way for some time, the Professor said it was time to land; so we selected a small city some distance ahead of us. Soon after we started to circling downward, something unexpected happened. I heard a loud explosion and then felt myself to be falling through the air and knew no more. I regained consciousness with a jump and found myself sitting in a chair with the Professor bending over me.

“What has happened?” I asked him.

His reply was, “Nothing more than that you have been asleep more than five minutes. By-the-by your strange behavior almost made me forget what I was waiting to ask you: Don’t you want to take a ride with me in my new airship?”

H. K. S.

“A Critical Moment”

At the time when I first chanced to meet Charles Lamb, he had been working for five years as a switchman in Pittsburg for the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was a large rustic-looking fellow and had a most peculiar carriage of himself, especially when in a hurry to get to his work. But when one had a chance to become acquainted with him and learn the heart which he carried always, the outside faults became less noticeable, and the smile and the whistle which he always had with him gave evidence of the whole-souled, good-natured fellow that he was.

Soon after he had taken this new position, he was married to Anne Stovall, with whom he lived very happily. I soon found out that they were very much devoted to each other and to their little daughter, Mary who at the time of my story was four years old, but that at time they let their high tempers, of which both were possessors, get the better of them. It was this unfortunate perversity of temper that brought about the incidents which I am going to relate.

One morning they were quietly eating their early breakfast, before he should get off to his work, when the silence was suddenly broken.

“Well, I’ll tell you Anne,” said Charles, “I think you had better stay at home today, for the clouds look threatening, as if we might have a cool damp day, even if it is the twentieth day of May; and Mary, as you know is threatened with pneumonia.”

“But Charles,” she began pleadingly, “you don’t seem to realize that I have been cooped up here in the house ever since last Thanksgiving day. You men get out so often that you cannot realize how hard it is to stay housed up a whole winter. I have counted so much upon a day out of the noise and hubbub of the city, and the excursion today, to be run by Cousin Harry out to the falls, gives me such a good opportunity for this; and besides, it is uncertain when I may be able



THE ORCHESTRA

to go again. The excursion leaves at seven and is due to be back by seven this afternoon. Think of it Charles; a free ticket and Mary can stay with you as the weather is uncertain."

"No, Anne, I don't like to take any chances. Mary would be better at home with you. And besides," he said, speaking more deliberately, "last night I had a strange and awful dream. In my dream, as I was coming home from my work, I saw a funeral procession go slowly by and, observing that it was a child which was dead, I inquired as to who it might be, when some stranger said to me, 'Why have you not heard? It is little Mary Lamb.' I was just going to inquire as to the cause of the death when I awoke all in a tremble to find that it was but a dream. I'll tell you Anne, that dream put me to thinking; and ever since my conscience has been saying to me, 'Charles Lamb, you had better not let that wife of yours go away today on the excursion; for, if you do, something distressing is sure to happen.'"

"Superstitious! my goodness! Charles, I am surprised, above all things else, that you would give yourself up to such fancies," replied Anne growing somewhat indignant and letting her temper, for the first time since her marriage, get the better of her. "And as for Mary's slight cold," she continued, "that will not stand any argument when you can wrap her up and take her down to the switch-station."

"But Anne, ——." he began, when he was cut short by his now indignant wife.

"I don't see anything to hinder my going on the excursion today. So now, Charles Lamb, you may say what you please," and with that she arose hastily and left the room, banging the door behind her, like a pouting seven-year-old girl.

Charles sat dumbfounded. Not a single time before since his marriage had his wife been so completely given over to anger, and so indifferent to his wishes; so how could he help being shaken? For some time, he sat puzzled to know what he should do. Yet, he finally came to the conclusion, she was in a heat of passion and would be sorry afterward. He knew that and so he decided to let his wife go on the excursion with-

out further trying to hinder her.

One hour later, Anne was on her way to the depot. Not one word had she spoken to her husband after her last rash ones. Her passion of anger was subsiding and she was beginning to see her folly. Her better nature was begging, yea beseeching her to return home. But then she said to herself, "Charles spoke too commandingly to me when he had no just reason to keep me at home, and therefore I am going."

At last the station was reached, the train sighted, and still she had not convinced herself that she was doing wrong; but her courage was failing her.

"Why Anne, what is the matter?" asked her cousin Harry, as he passed her seated in one of the coaches. "You look as if you were on your way to a funeral instead of an outing."

"O, I'm all right, Harry; don't worry about me," she replied, brightening up for an instant but falling back shortly into a still more serious look as he passed on.

These words, uttered thoughtlessly by her cousin, went to her heart and there, with all the former wooings of the better nature, caused her to make a final resolve. She would go back. Five minutes later she had left the coach and was hurrying on her way back home. Charles had already taken Mary and gone to his work; but she had resolved to go home and make ready a pleasant surprise for her husband at his homecoming in the evening.

A long weary day had almost passed for Charles Lamb. Try as he might, he was unable to drive away the scene of the morning. Had he dealt gently enough with his wife? Maybe it was as she said, that he, getting out in the open air so much, could not fully sympathize with her. Then he thought how faithful she had been since their marriage, taking all responsibilities and cares of the home off his shoulders. But little Mary, as she questioned him and cross-questioned him for the purpose of passing away the time in the close quarters of the switchman's small station, brought vividly before him such thoughts as made him unhappy. How was it possible that his wife could at this time be so selfish?

With such thoughts as these he had filled in the few spare moments of the day, when he was not engaged in changing the levers before him, giving various trains the right of way on certain tracks. He had seen the excursion go out. No wife had waved at him from the window; but how could he expect that when she was going away against his will? He had watched it with an eager eye, as long as it was visible. He couldn't help feeling that she would be sorry and would be herself again, when she came back. But had he not been in fault, even more than she? This question stared him constantly in the face, and by and by, reached his great and tender heart and made him cry within himself, "Yes, I was to blame, and for both Anne's and Mary's sake I will smooth matters over as soon as possible."

At last the whistle of the excursion train was heard and in a few moments the train was coming down the main line at a rapid rate. Charles gave her the right of way.

But stop! The little girl by some means, had got out and was upon the main track, not heeding the approaching train.

Charles quivered. "My God!" he uttered, as if trying to pray. Only a moment in which to act. What should he do? Could he shout to his little girl? No, for he would certainly frighten the girl and bring her into a state of confusion; whereas otherwise she might notice the train and get off the track in time. There was one possible chance to save his little girl. He might open the switch and turn the train into the side-track. This would mean a great catastrophe—his wife and others probably killed. His hand grasped the lever. A short conflict in his mind ensued. He could not. He withdrew his hand. He staggered.

"O God!" was all he could utter, and then fell in a swoon.

Five minutes later the mother with her child was bending over the swooning man, anxiously awaiting the return of life. She was trying to make him understand that Mary was saved; how, through providence, she had stayed at home and chanced to be coming down to escort them home, when she had seen

the situation; how, by a desperate effort, she had rushed up from behind the switch-station and had snatched the child from the track, just in time to save an awful disaster.

"Charles," she pleaded pathetically, "we are both here; do open your eyes and listen."

She continued to repeat these words until finally he opened his eyes and, with a faint smile upon his cheeks, whispered, "Thank God! Anne, you are both safe, and we have had our last disagreement."

F. P. A. '13.



A Defense of the Classical or Humanistic Considered Historically and Theoretically

In this age of many advantages and opportunities, man is inclined to specialize and concentrate his efforts upon one single branch of activity. This is worthy of our approval and serious consideration, for the old adage "Jack of all trades and good at none" is still a very true one. If a man would insure his success he should concentrate his thought and activities upon one subject; it should receive his whole attention. But in preparing oneself a person should not pursue merely a utilitarian education. This is an age of hurry and greed as well as an age of many advantages. These conditions have cultivated a spirit of utilitarianism which causes us to lose sight of the real aim of education. Many do not seem to realize that education is a great deal more than a training merely for the development of the money making faculties. We are inclined to adopt this kind of education instead of a broader and more liberal education. And we should not forget that a liberal education is more than a course in science or merely a superficial training, which has no depth and which tends to dazzle one's eyes.

A good education which enables us to get the most out of life and which, in return, enables us to do the greatest amount of good for our fellowman. It must enable us to think deep-

ly and logically. We must be fitted to confront and overcome great obstacles, to ponder important questions and render decisions with justice and impartiality. Plato has said: "A good education is that which gives to the body and the soul all the beauty and perfection of which they are capable." Some of the greatest and most successful educators and the most brilliant students of the different systems of education have emphasized the importance of the study of the ancient languages. Such an education is called a Classical or Humanistic education.

Classical education flourished in the time of Greece and Rome, when Leonidas with his handful of men defended Thermopylae, and Miltiades won the field of Marathon; when learned students sat at the feet of Plato and Aristotle, and when the opinions of wise men and sages were moulded and shaped by the scholarly, impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero. Here we find the real beginning of our wonderful civilization with all its culture and scholarship. These nations have produced the most inspiring works of literature and art, and the most learned works of philosophy. The educational systems of Greece and Rome were a great deal more advanced than the systems of the Oriental nations. Personal freedom and individuality become more prominent in these nations. Here the subject does not toil with laborious tasks of memory work, he is not confined within the narrow bounds of caste; he is neither crushed by the ponderous system of State education, nor is he swayed and held in awe by the superstitious influence of priesthood. Woman is no longer required to fall upon her knees before her husband and ask what he would have her do.

The Greek was emotional, he worshipped culture and beauty; the Roman was practical and serious, he appreciated the useful. A union of these characters with the ennobling influence of Christianity would form an ideal manhood.

The martial education of Sparta did not include a study of languages. No formal literary training was possessed but the boys listened to the speeches and conversations of the

men upon important subjects. They were taught to converse intelligently and agreeably. Although the system of Pythagoras was somewhat aristocratic, we admire his teaching that "Virtue and health and all good and God are in harmony."

The Athenians were worshippers of culture and beauty. Their ideal conception of education was a beautiful soul in a beautiful body. Athens has produced some of the most brilliant writers, the most profound thinkers, the wisest statesmen and most heroic warriors; her civilization was the embodiment of beauty, culture and intellectuality. Even those who had no intellectual training received culture by mingling with their fellow citizens, from the beautiful works of art and from the magnificent Greek festivals. The Athenian youth was taught reading, writing, mathematics, poetry, rhetoric, music, philosophy. He was also given moral training.

In their earlier days, the Romans were a very grave and serious people. They busied themselves in declaring war, in subduing nations, and in framing laws. Naturally their education was utilitarian. In Rome, woman was respected and loved. She it was who really controlled the household although her husband was nominally, unlimited master.

In the Augustan age, when Rome sat upon the throne of imperial power and fame and gave commands which were obeyed in the farthest parts of the civilized world; when she had gathered into her arms all the culture and intellectuality of Greece, there was provided for her youth an educational system which was in keeping with her splendor and magnificence. The Roman youth was taught Latin, Greek, poetry, oratory and philosophy. And afterwards if he wished, he could receive professional training in almost any work which he should choose.

We find that the study of Latin and Greek was neglected during the first period of Christian education. But in 1453 we see that enthusiasm for Latin and Greek learning is fanned into a brilliant flame. Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio were the forerunners of this wonderful revival of learning. Libraries were founded and Greek and Latin manuscripts were

zealously collected. The seeds of this learning, which had been carried into England, France and Germany, by great students, sprang up and yielded fruit which satisfied many who hungered for knowledge. Greek and Latin classics were studied with great zeal. The popes lent their aid, established libraries and encouraged the study of these languages. Hebrew was also studied. New Testaments were published by learned men.

Reuchlin was profoundly interested in the study of Latin and Greek and especially in the study of Hebrew. He published Hebrew grammars and lexicons.

Erasmus was another Humanist who was an enthusiastic student of Greek and Latin. Painter says "He recommended the study of geography, history and natural science, not for their own sake, but as necessary adjuncts in understanding and explaining the classics."

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Luther, a great Protestant educator, emphasized the study of ancient languages because, as he says, "Languages are the scabbard in which the Word of God is sheathed. They are the casket in which this jewel is enshrined; the cask in which this wine is kept; the chamber in which this food is stored. And, to borrow a figure from the Gospel itself, they are the baskets in which this bread and fish, and fragments are preserved."

All subjects were subordinated to the study of Latin in the educational system of Melanchthon. The students are required to write and speak Latin correctly. This prominence of Latin continues throughout his higher educational training.

All through this period of education, since the rise of Protestantism, we find that a study of the ancient languages and classics occupies the foremost place in the educational system. They are the very foundations of training during this period. We find that Zwingli, Sturm and Francke advocated the study of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, as the best means of giving a student real intellectual training.

The ancient languages form the backbone of the system of Humanistic education of the eighteenth century. The Humanist claimed that languages were the means of real culture. They taught that a study of these languages would give helpful discipline and reveal almost perfect models of style, and make one better acquainted with the grammatical forms of our language.

In the modern educational systems of France and Germany, we find that next to their own native language, Latin and Greek occupy the most important places and receive the greatest amount of attention.

In the United States, the study of Latin is begun in our graded schools and continues throughout the college and university courses.

As we survey the educational systems of different nations and compare their advantages, when we compare the Oriental nations with the ancient classical and modern nations, we must admit that a study of ancient languages does more than entertain one during his leisure moments. This survey will show us that the study of ancient languages has occupied an important place in the educational systems of every successful and important nation.

This is because words are the records of former thought, and because a knowledge of these words is a knowledge of the facts, thoughts and incidents which they represent.

Words are the very instruments with which we think. When we have carefully studied the ancient languages and mastered the words, we are enabled to think better and more logically, our mental grasp is widened and strengthened. One of our great writers has said, "Precision in the use and method of our words gives logic and precision to our thoughts."

A study of languages will give a person a larger vocabulary and enable one to use his words more correctly. Some people have claimed that there is a difference between a knowledge of words and a knowledge of things. This is unreasonable, for a real knowledge of words means a mastery of facts. Therefore the increase of one's vocabulary will give a person a great-



T. C. BROWN, President

W. S. FEWELL, Vice-President

YORK COUNTY CLUB

H. B. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer

er amount of knowledge.

The question may be asked, why study Latin and Greek? Because we find that some of the finest works of literature were written in these languages. A thorough knowledge of these languages enables one to understand and appreciate these works more fully. There is a beauty and charm in original thought and expression which cannot be given by the most scholarly translations. It is better and more satisfying to drink of the healthful waters of a spring than to impose upon our health and satisfaction by indulging in the waters of a stream. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, these were the only languages whose grammar had been formulated and reduced to a regular and a well organized system. Latin was once the means of discourse between the learned.

Although Latin is no longer a means of discourse, we find that the most learned men and most profound thinkers are those whose minds have been disciplined by the study of one, or perhaps both of these languages. The most prominent and most successful educators and those who have studied these languages correctly all agree that their study is more beneficial than the other studies, because it contains the greatest amount of disciplinary value.

For this reason, these languages still occupy a very important place in our educational systems of today. We find that a study of ancient languages enables a student to understand more fully the science of grammar, also the laws and structure of language. A study of these languages enables one to understand the formation and development of the English language. We are enabled to appreciate and better understand our language by constantly comparing the corresponding forms of Latin and English.

A knowledge of ancient languages is necessary, because many of our best books contain classical allusions and modes of thought and expression which are found in the classics.

Professional training, or a merely scientific education may be described as a mere watering of the branches, while a classical education may be described as water applied to the roots

which give life and nourish the whole plant.

As one of the most important aims of education is to train us to think logically, let those who would drink deeply of real knowledge turn their attention to the study of ancient languages. Such a study is more valuable than a mere superficial veneer or polish which becomes worn and tarnished with age and use.

President Woolsey said: "The old civilization contained treasures of permanent value which the world could not spare, which the world will never be able or willing to spare. These were taken up into the stream of life, and proved true aids to the progress of culture which is gathering in one the beauty and truth of all the ages."



The Man Higher Up

Behold him in the dark ages, the time of the beginnings of peoples, languages, and institutions; when the giant leader of the Goths, Huns, or Vandals gathers about him his hordes of warriors who love war and bloodshed, who revel in battle and take delight in destroying cities and nations. See him as he towers head and shoulders above his men, a being fit to lead, to rule, and command. Too powerful to be opposed, he assumes the control of affairs and wreaks his fury and vengeance upon those who would dare oppose him. The weakling has no place within his ranks, his authority is his great power and physical force.

The passing of the years and the progress of the nations and civilizations will accomplish great and lasting changes. In the later years, a king or emperor is now the head of his people, the leader and general, the lawmaker and financier. He it is who makes their laws, who advises, and who is the man of the moneyed interest. Let him be a good and broad-minded ruler and his people will be a happy and prosperous people, but if he be a selfish, narrow-minded, crabbed man who seeks his own interests and cares so little for his subjects that

he will oppress them and tyrannize over them in order to gain his own private ends, then we may well say that his subjects will return his deeds with interest, and instead of loving, respecting and praising him, they will hate, despise, and curse him. A condition of unrest and dissatisfaction will prevail, threats will be made and ere the ruler has reached his cherished goal some one will repay him and require his life in exchange for his despotism.

So it is today. Our law-makers must be sane and broad-minded, the men who have wealth and property must use it well or there will be disastrous results. What means the dissatisfaction and unrest of our people of today? Why should there be strikes and riots? Why should the smaller man oppose the greater and more powerful man, why should the employee rise against the bosses? Do they not have food and clothing, do they not live? Then why should they cry aloud like homeless waifs and children who gather about them their scant clothing and huddle together in order to protect themselves from the cold and chill of the cruel world?

This deplorable condition of affairs is not the result of the laziness or indifference of the poor. They labor now as never before. The curse that man should live by the sweat of his brow has been more than visited upon them, for the financier and mill owner crushes his employees and gives them a mere pittance. Thousands of pitiful children, with hollowed cheeks and sunken eyes toil their lives away. Those who should be in school, toil in mines or eke out their miserable existence by patiently making artificial flowers or tying parts of ostrich plumes together with knots which are so tedious and intricate that they would tax the patience and rack the nerves of strong and healthy men.

Laws are made which do not voice the sentiment of the people, political positions, and seats of power and authority are bought and sold. Trusts have their defendants in the highest offices, and monopolies and combines band together and crush out the lives of the defenseless poor. A great monarchy holds sway and dominion over us. Its king and

ruler is money and the moneyed interests, and the results of its despotic power is seen in the existence of the trusts, of exorbitant prices, and their logical result, the high cost of living. It seems that even the necessities of life will soon be denied us. There is a wide, yawning chasm between labor and capital. The land of the free and the home of the brave seems to be a thing of the past, for the importance of man is not recognized. Man oppresses man. The laborer means just so much money to his employer, he is looked upon as a mere part of a great whole, an insignificant wheel in a great machine whose sole end is the turning out of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Something is wrong. This is not an ideal picture of the universal brotherhood of man. The whole does not blend beautifully and harmoniously. The shades are too dark and strange splotches of red and blood weirdly intermingled give the spectator a feeling of horror and fear, for he realizes that it is not the work of a master hand, neither that of an industrious student, but that it was made by a madman whose brain reeled and surged, who dreamed weird dreams, and let fancy in her wild abandon, usurp the throne of modest reason. The leading rulers and moneyed men of our country forget that they owe the world a great debt, that they are their brothers' keepers, and that they must be true and faithful to their charges.



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There was once a simple, barefooted shepherd lad whose duty it was to mind the great flocks of his master. Early in the morning, while the dew still sparkled upon the grass and ere the great sun had begun his daily journey, this lad would lead his sheep in the green pastures and beside the still waters. When all was well and while the sheep contentedly cropped the short tender grass and while the lambs played together, the youth fashioned a flute from the reeds which grew by the water's edge, and, listening to the moaning of the winds, and the rustling of the leaves and to the throbbing song which the sweet voiced songsters poured from out their feathered throats, he too became one of them; and as he played, his wild heart throbbed more quickly, and his trembling fingers thrilling the fret, wove the sounds into beautiful music. His companions heard him and life seemed happier and more beautiful to them; his master heard him and his heart was

Idealism

made glad. The youth had caught a vision, and, weaving it into music and a shepherd song, he had lifted others to higher levels and more beautiful ideals.

The same story may be read from the beginning of history, when the world lay shrouded in darkness and mythology even down to our present time, when man seems to have almost reached his greatest heights, when it seems that he is about to stand upon the highest peak and survey the beauties of the whole world which lies around him. Kings and nations and peoples have always had visions which they have sought to change into reality, there has always been a cloud to lead them by day and a pillar of fire to guide their footsteps by night.

Different ideals have shaped and moulded the lives of different peoples. Some have lifted their voices in song and praise, others have great visions of service. Still others see visions of vast fortunes, political power and fame, or the gratification of selfish aims. Nations have always been spurred onward by the aims and hopes of their people. Greece had her ideal of culture and intellectual training, while Rome bowed to war and law and authority. The crusaders' sole end was to free Jerusalem from the rule of the Mohammedan and Turk.

Wrong ideals often dominate the lives of men. Some like Nero of Rome are great, cruel despots, some like Caesar are ambitious and thirst for power, while others seek wealth, or fame, or social position.

The ideals which should dominate men are those of virtue and service. If a man would be virtuous, he must be careful and strive to attain the greatest moral development. He must be perfectly honest, not only to himself, but to his fellow-man. He must weigh his own thought and make a just criticism without tipping the balances in his favor. He must be charitable and broad-minded, looking for the good that is in his fellow-man rather than for the weaknesses and shortcomings. He must be courageous. The time will come when strength will be required to do the right. Often he will go down into the valley of despair and despondency, then he will need hope

to light his way and courage to help him bear his trials. He must be a servant if he would really benefit the world and make it better for his having lived. He must realize that he is here to help others, and by so doing to help himself. He must remember that all men are brothers, that he must lend happiness, cheer, and comfort to those who are downtrodden, that he must sympathize and do his duty to the world, to his fellow-man, and to God. If his ideals are true and lofty he may easily heed this command of Bryant:

So live that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The days have sped swiftly by and another year is almost ended. Duties have been done; problems have been weighed and solved; plans have been made, some have been successful, others have been unsuccessful and frustrated. As we pause and gaze backward we see where we have failed, where better work could have been done or where mistakes could have been more easily avoided; but as long as man is human man will err. Then let us not sit and brood over our mistakes but strive more earnestly to accomplish more than we have ever accomplished, for the future is beckoning us onward to greater deeds, to grander and nobler work.

Retrospection



Exchange Department

F. P. ANDERSON, Editor

After a year's observation and study of the various college magazines, we find one common fault standing out preeminently, in almost all. They deal too much with old topics of no vital importance to us. Too often we find a magazine with half of its reading matter dealing with subjects which are very good; in fact they may be perfect, so far as composition is concerned, but are old and do not appeal to the wide-awake young man of the twentieth century. To be plain, today the college student, when he picks up a college magazine, does not care to read about "The Feudal System," "The Heroes of Past Ages," and other such subjects, for when he wishes for information on these subjects he can go to the library and get much better material than he could get out of the ordinary articles in any college magazine.

How long could a monthly magazine like "Everybody's Magazine" be published if it only treated of such subjects? We dare say, only for a short time. And so, even the stories in such magazines must portray the life and customs of the present time. So it is but natural that the college magazine which keeps pace with the times must be most popular.

We like to see students discussing in the magazines such subjects as: "Should the Study of Greek for the Degree of A. B. be Required," "The Power of the Press" and other similar ones. We like to see the magazines reflecting the aspirations, manners and customs of the times, for when they are filled with this sort of material they will be read by the students, instead of lying covered with dust as they now are.

All of our exchanges have some material of this kind but none, as a rule, have enough. "The Davidson College Magazine" comes nearer to our ideal of a college magazine than



THE COLLEGIAN STAFF

R. P. AUSTIN, Editor-in-Chief

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any of our exchanges for this one reason, that when we take it up to read we find something new, original and up-to-date.

The Sophomore issue of *The Davidson College Magazine* is good. However, the Editor-in-Chief must have spent all his time trying to get others to prepare material, as he has no editorials. Every magazine, to be what it ought to be, should have at least two editorials. The poem "A Testimony" is good, having splendid thought. "North Carolina of Long Ago" furnishes much information, but the writer seems to forget that he is writing for college students as he is reminding the reader of what he expects to tell. For example he says, "I will now conclude my essay by describing the general character of the people," which is unnecessary. Outside of this one fault the article is splendid. Too many incidents are brought in for the story "A. D. C. Fresh Lost in Southern Italy" to be good. The writer signs himself "Obbe". If this is his nom de plume it is well enough, but if "Obbe" was one of the party telling the story, the writer changes his point of view in the latter part of the story. The essay "Should the Study of Greek for the Degree of A. B. be Abolished at Davidson" shows much ability and would do a Senior much credit. We admire his arguments in behalf of the study of Greek Literature. "The Strain of Music" is by far the best story in the magazine. The plot is admirably worked out. "A Sophomore's Dilemma" is original and witty. It adds much to the quality of the magazine.

In reading *The Newberry Stylus* we are impressed with its high moral tone and the good common sense brought out in articles. We are glad to see this so marked, as some of the magazines are now rather inclined the other way. Of the three poems, "Life" is the best, though the others are praiseworthy. The article entitled "Respect for Law" is the best thing on mob rule we have seen. The author is to be congratulated for his boldness in speaking the plain truth about such a delicate subject, as regarded by some. The other two es-

says are developed well and are up-to-date. The three stories are creditable but do not show enough originality. Pathetic stories are very good, but it is hardly best to have all the stories in a magazine of this order. "His Friend" is an excellent story and calls forth all of our sympathy. The story, however, would be improved if it were twice as long. Taking everything into consideration, this is the best number "The Newberry Stylus" has gotten out during the current year.

In the first issue of our magazine, we stated clearly our aim and purpose for the year, in the arduous task of criticising our contemporaries. And it is a source of much satisfaction that throughout the year we have had no occasion for a contention with any. We may have dealt a little severely with some; but if we have, our exchanges have taken all in the right spirit and we wish to thank them for so doing. All the Editorial staffs of our exchanges have reflected credit upon their magazines and institutions during this school year of 1911-12. Let us hope, however, that the various staffs for next year may still show improvement. Excelsior.

We acknowledge with thanks the regular receipt of all our exchanges. With this we bid our friends farewell, wishing all a happy and profitable vacation.

Y. M. C. A. Department

JUNIUS HORTON, Editor

Since our last issue of The Collegian, the Y. M. C. A. has had a week of protracted services in the college auditorium. The speakers and subjects were as follows: Rev. D. M. Douglas D. D., President of the college, who preached a very impressive sermon on "Lost Opportunities"; Rev. D. J. Brimm, Profes-

sor of Bible and Pedagogy, preached an excellent sermon on "The Only Salvation"; Rev. J. E. Mahaffey, pastor of the Clinton Methodist church, preached a very strong sermon on "The Nobility of Service"; Rev. L. A. Cooper, pastor of the Clinton Baptist church, preached a soul stirring sermon on "The Sinfulness of Sin", and Rev. Mr. Hooten, pastor of the Clinton A. R. P. church, preached a very beneficial sermon on "Active Christian Service".

The speakers delivered these Gospel messages to us with simplicity and power. We trust that they will be the means of making our daily lives more consecrated to God in his service.

On Sunday April 21, our Y. M. C. A. was favored by an address from Rev. A. C. Bridgman on the subject of "Pure and Undeiled Religion."

Under the leadership of Dr. D. J. Brimm we have had the largest and most interesting Mission Class, this year, that we have ever had. His lectures have been very interesting and exceedingly instructive. We hope that they will wake us to a fuller sense of our duty to our fellowmen.

Since the fine spring weather there have been more of the boys at the morning watch. However, let more of us come still. While all nature bursts forth with evidences of new life, let us show the same in our lives by meeting in the quiet morning hours for prayer.

It was quite a surprise to the student body when President Douglas announced that, through the kindness of a friend, he had made arrangements for one Professor and five students to attend the Moody Bible Institute Convention, which is to be held from the 20th to the 30th of June, at Northfield, Mass. Mr. Douglas is continually doing great things and we are sure that the boys duly appreciate his work, and that they will give him their hearty support in all that he undertakes.

As the end of another year of our Y. M. C. A. work is fast drawing to a close, we realize that our work has met with some degree of success. However, let us not be satisfied with what has been accomplished, but rather let us renew ourselves

in mind and spirit that we may do greater work.

Athletic Department

J. SIMPSON, Editor

Base Ball

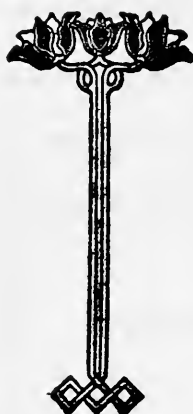
Our base ball team has just finished a very successful season. Saturday, May 4th, the season closed with a game with Clemson. At first, when our team started out by defeating Furman two and breaking even with Wofford, it looked as if P. C. had a good chance for the pennant, but bad luck struck us toward the last of the season and we ended the season in fourth place. All of our scores were close and games were interesting, with the exception of one, and taking the team as a whole, we made a creditable record. We failed to take one of the Newberry games, and were to a certain extent disappointed; but our season's record was not at all bad and taking into consideration that we are one of the smallest colleges in the S. C. I. A. A., we have a record to be proud of. Our whole team did well and showed good team work, while Ellis Fuller, Smith and Leaman were the season's stars. Out pitchers did good work, and especially "Big Andy". The team closed the season with a playing percentage of 400, having won 4 games and lost 6. The team's batting is as follows:

	A B	H	P C
Fuller, E.	53	21	397
Smith	53	30	278
Leaman	54	19	352
Pinson	13	3	231
Hill	47	9	192
White	54	10	186
Denant	28	5	179
Simpson	53	9	170

Falls	42	7	167
Brown	30	5	167
Anderson	31	5	162
Fuller, F.	8	0	000
Team Batting Average			235

In fielding, Smith received 107 chances without an error.

We sincerely hope that our next year's season will be managed as well as Manager J. M. Fewell has managed this one and that we shall have as successful a season as the one this year. We could not close this article without saying something about the management of Captain J. S. Simpson and Coaches Doak and Fulton. They have all three done their hardest work and have produced wonderful results. They have made a team that P. C. is proud of, and their year has been a successful one.



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